Oh what a warre of looks was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,
Or Iuorie in an alablaster band,
So white a friend, ingirts so white a foe:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like two siluer doues that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one sweete looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

Giue me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (saith she,) and thou shalt haue it.
O giue it me, least thy hard heart do steele it,
And being steeld, soft sighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer shall regard,
Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
Welcomes the warme approch of sweet desire,
Affection is a coale that must be coold,
Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire,
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade he stood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maisterd with a leatherne raine,
But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held such pettie bondage in disdaine:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who seekes his true-loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
To touch the fier the weather being cold?